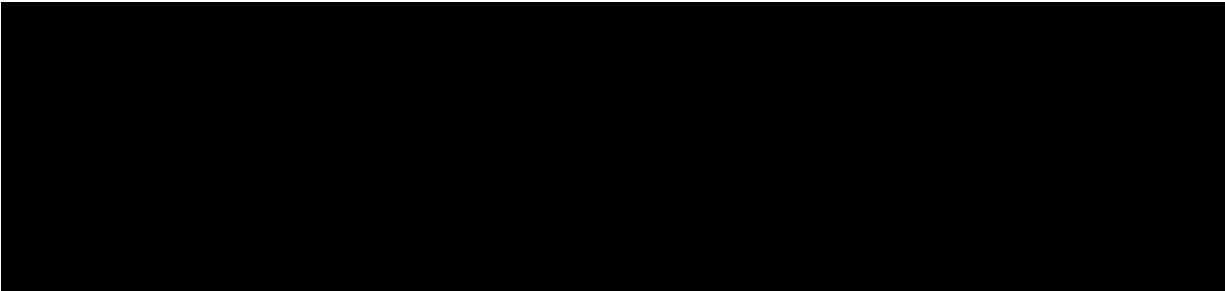


Tiff's Ebook Test

Azra Bertrand





By Seren Bertrand

ENCHANTRESS

THE RETURN OF FEMININE MAGIC

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WEAVING



MAGIC



ENCHANTRESS INVOCATION

"I want to be enchanted. I want to live in a world of glamour, humor, magic, mischief, contradiction and complexity. I don't want homogenized spirituality. The night sky tells me too much to make myself small. I don't want to conform to commandments. I want incantations ringing out in dusky forests. I want my body to be the nemeton. I want to meet a fox on the path, who gives me a wink. I want to know why my ancestral magic workers were called charmers and chantresses. I want the plants to long for me, and I for them. I want a fling with foxglove on a balmy summer night. I want to fall to my knees on soft moss in wonder. I want to feel the sticky balm of resin on my fingers. I want the stones to tease me with bawdy stories, and hilltops to blush. I want to meet the druids and forest thieves lounging, singing and laughing under the oak tree after the ritual. I want to speak in rose petals, and lay fools gold at their feet. I want to know the scents of the garlanded bowers at beltaine, and speak with whispers of hushed snow under winter moons. I want to know the Elphaine and Fae Queen my kin courted. I want to feel the Elf Fire in my blood. I remember Elmet, the old Celtic Queendom, savage with outlaws and old spells. I want to be enchanted. I want the old songs in my ears. Nothing less will do."

FEMININE MAGIC
SCHOOL



Let me tell you about Feminine Magic School. It is a place of lineage and paradox and skillful means. It's rooted in an old world that's as complex and ambivalent as earth herself. It's about enchantment and glamour, and making the most of what you've got. I know for myself, I've got so much

personal and ancestral trauma, that at this point all I'm doing is making it a cup of tea and giving it a back rub.

I'm tired of social conversations that include the kind of internal monologues that therapists charge good money to listen too. I want to know about your magic. How the ancestors made your body into a feast place for their outlandish carnivals. I want to laugh, to make merry, to weep, and to gossip with you.

The Enchantress Ancestors are welcoming you into the sanctuary of their lineage, if you remember the old magic. This magic does not fit into any current labels. It is not paganism, wicce, modern witchcraft, shamanism, or animism.

The thing about magic, you see, is that it never required that you be perfect, or healed, or fixed. Or purged of all your trauma.

In fact, magic often happened to the broken, the grieving, the foolish, the determined, the outcasts, and the ones were full of desire and curiosity, who were prepared to go on a journey of wonder to find that proverbial pot of gold or the forbidden love.

Feminine Magic is restorative. It is literally, re-storying. It's not about how to track your nervous system or compile your trauma log. It's rooted in an old world that's as complex and ambivalent as earth herself. It's about enchantment and glamour and making the most of what you've got.

Feminine magic is about playing and reveling with the masks you wear, like a cosmic fashion guru. It's about being playful and inventive and fantastical as your strut the catwalk of life.

All the fairytales start in tragedy, when the heroine or the starlet of the tale finds herself orphaned or hurt. That's not what defines her; it's what she does afterwards that makes a tale fly, as she stalks her magic. No one goes into that dark forest to meet Baba Yaga to heal or perfect themselves. They go to find their magic, to be tricked and tested, and to draw upon an emergency reservoir of ancestral feminine magic, stored like a potion in their blood.

At a crucial moment in my own initiation, " **The Enchantress of Elmet**," an ancient Oracle and Chantress of the Old Ways spoke through my own body memory. She is the guardian of the legacy of an old, old feminine magic, that the ancestors wanted the world to remember and restore, knowing it holds medicine for the future we must weave back together. This lineage of Ancestors began rising up from the dragon mounds of Mam Tor and the sacred landscape of Hope Valley—once more famous than Avebury or Stonehenge—when The Old North was at the heart of magic, to help me remember.

They appeared when both my parents died and were returned to the earth in green burials in the foothills of the sacred mountain Mam Tor in the Peak District of England, where ancestral traditions of goddess worship, feminine magic and queenship were practiced for thousands of years. I also gave birth to my daughter on the first anniversary of my mother's death. Magic was weaving a new enchantment.

In the middle-ages, the priests got their panties in a froth over the female **Incantrix** (French, Enchantress) who cast spells of myth, magic and metamorphosis through the power of their voice, words and song. **Elmet** was an old Kingdom, in what is now Yorkshire and the spine of the Old North Road, beside the Peak District. Those high peaks, moors, glens and forests were once inhabited by Merlin, Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

The Forest is calling to us again, opening its green door, and winding hungry, verdant vines around the towers of our civilized lives, pulling it back down to earth.

If you have known and seen things since childhood and been told your psychic powers are only created by trauma. That is not true. Your Gift to

see and sense feelings is your magic.

If you have had no words for it, if you remember in ways that could not ever find a name to explain. You are not alone, and you have long been invoking the glamorous Enchantress.

What I know is that the past is reaching out to us, with quantum tentacles, and tale threads that have a message to tell us. It's not about recreating an ancestral utopia, but reweaving our modern-day world into something more hospitable and magic.



I do believe we have to grow a new voice, before we can even tell a new story. This is the work of the Enchantress or, Incantrix, one who can spell worlds in and out of being.

This is the time for fairytales of the future. Stories of what might come to pass.

Glamming it Up

I will not live in a world without glamour. It's that simple.

I will have none of the man-made 'good' earth who wears a corset to hold her wild abundance in safe and tidy contours.

Look at her, this witchy world of earth magic, she is lush, wet, utterly charming, growing obscene wealth from every stem and pore of her being, saturated in opulence and color and glamor, pollinating herself with desire and adornments. And she can also be strict and fierce and cruel, dark as a night and cool as winter.

She is also a Snow Queen and a dung heap when she is in the mood. She is changeable, paradoxical, cyclical, unknowable.

In the tales of Inanna, she hears that someone has created a garden of absolute perfect and sustainable eternal life and she is so angry she rides over and smites it. She knows. Such a place is not in the natural order of earth. It is not organic, if it does not

ooze pheromones and perfume and the damp moisture of longing and the pus and putrifaction of decay that teems with magic wormholes into new cycles of birth and expansion.

Earth is a Grande Dame, she is made of magic. She is above all else a being of Glamour – that all the ordained books have told us is an illusion.

Glamour means to cast a magic spell of enchantment. To bring someone into that magical reality in full presence, belief, and embodiment.

Glamour comes from the word Grammar. Students of Grammar were scholar practitioners who studied the feminine arts of magic, and Gramarye were the magical black books in which lineages recorded their magical workings and legacies. In Scotland, glamour was used to refer to a 'magic spell' and its later connotation as a false, feminine illusion was a result of the puritanical war on feminine magic.

But the Glamour did not die. It went underground. It breathed in the darkness of soil and bone and root waiting for its day to emerge again. Enchantment is always glamorous.

Charming the Structural Feminine

We are conditioned to be ‘good girls’ – be nice, pleasing, agreeable and we lose touch with that deep feminine womb power inside. Or we become so fluid that we flow right through life without having ever created the structure to birth our own deep destiny. The flowing feminine helps liberate us from outdated systems and situations, but only the **structural feminine** can help build new worlds.

On our journey to rediscover our power, we can often see power as this hard, fierce, “f-bomb dropping” energy of the “rebel”. It has its power and place for sure. But I’m courting and stalking something else. The enchantress is as an elegant power. It is an energy that is wise and cunning, that is an alchemized expression of love and power, which has good graces and good manners, and is fascinating, enchanting, charming, elegant, glamorous. Now, you might have your own images of those words, but when we go deeper, we see they are actually words of feminine magic.

Magical folk in England were known as “Charmers” and feminine magicians were known as enchantresses or Incantrix.

Fascination and glamouring were at the heart of feminine spellcraft. Nowadays we only think of this in the negative sense, but back then to fascinate or charm or glamour referred to the ability to shape energy into a more positive and beautiful form and was at the heart of all true witchcraft as energy work.

The magical ability to structure energy is a power of the feminine sourced directly from the creative nous of the womb and the earth. It is at the root of all ‘manifestation’ which takes a lot more than just a feeling.

Structure can be very seductive, I promise.



What is Feminine Magic School?

I have been weaving this work together for the last two decades, using all my skills and resources as an artist and writer. It's taken me to the edge, and also delivered me into unexpected places. It has terrified and fascinated me. For the last decade or so I have studied with many Grande Dames in their sixties or seventies, and I have apprenticed at their feet. I am utterly a devotee of lineage and transmission. And as an artist and Incantrix I have woven those experiences with my own lineage wisdom of Mam Tor and the forgotten Feminine Magicians, from Mary Magdalene to the Yorkshire Witch, to Mary Queen of Scots, and all the unknown women who have walked with Mugwort under their feet.

Our own personal transformation, evolution and embodiment cannot be separated from a very powerful interwoven and ancient Feminine Magic that emerges to inform and guide our journey, as all the old fairytales and teachings have stated. I created a collaborative space to do this with intention in my Feminine Magic School. Feminine magic of the enchantress allows us to evolve into the frequency of deep relationships where we can grow and still stay in connection, intimacy and feminine romance. The protocols and knowledge of this magic can bring big shifts into your life.

It is not psychology, or trauma healing. It is a magical transformation that bypasses getting stuck in mental processing, giving you a new language for the karma that our birth mother brings, and incredible new insights you can apply in your own life and share with clients.

It reconnects you with your Magical Birth Allies – Root Mothers from your birth, Mistresses of domestic magic who are here to help you in the specific areas of home, money and belonging.

The process of engaging with this magic can help you cultivate a practical divinatory tool that you can use in your journey and your profession to receive psychic and oracular messages and guidance. It gives you the foundation to work with the mandalic map of the feminine I wrote about in *Womb Awakening* (the magical 8 gates) at the next octave, at an even higher level of alchemy than ever before.

Feminine Magic School is for those of you who are ready to walk the Way of the Enchantress, and to be a mistress of elegant energy. Who have accepted their life story, and are ready to make a rosary of it, and to ask the Fairies to polish up a Toadstool so they can quantum jump inside.

This Feminine Magic is not the magic the text books and academics tell us about, or the magic that the men have practiced and molded religions around, this is an old, old magic, that lives inside your body and your genetic memories, that has been calling to you since childhood, through your dreams, through your shadows, through whispers on the wind, through a long forgotten memory, so tangible some days that you could almost touch it, and open a door and step through – into a new world, an ancient world, that’s been living alongside us all this time.

I want women to feel empowered at the magical level, and to understand the true mechanics, protocols and effects of Feminine Energy Magic. It’s immensely powerful, indeed it created our world! I also want to honor these teachers and make known the complexity of this rich herstory by tracing feminine lineages of magic in Europe (Faery/Witch/Magdalene lines), and explaining the difference between folk feminine magic and royal high magic (practiced by domestic adepts and also Queens), and following how they intersect with the Mam Tor Land-lineage, Brigantia and the Eternal Flame of the female “Elf-Fire”

alchemists.

Magical Groves & Hearth Schools

Feminine magicians have always gathered in groves, by altars laid out on tree stumps, and of course - by their hearths, in their homes.

Over the years I have become fascinated with this knowledge of the “Dynasties of Witches” and the kind of magic that is held

‘under the counter” and preserved in secret lineages, passed down through generations of women, held in body magic, moon rituals, lost teachings.

What I have come to understand is that Feminine Magic Schools were held in homes, not temples. Rather than “hedge schools”, these were “hearth schools”. Women magicians gathered in secret, in homely domestic spaces and Salons.

In this spirit, in Feminine Magic School we enter the domestic sphere to practice magic in the old ways, weaving and enchanting together. Like the ancestresses before us, we will celebrate intimacy, luxury, ritual, beauty, wealth and love, healing, mothering, kinship and legacy.

There is a cobbled path, surrounded by Foxgloves and the scent of Mugwort and old secrets – antique books are stacked on the kitchen table, with book marks. A strange and holy tea is brewing on the stove.

In Feminine Magic School you’ll receive the full spectrum of Feminine Wisdom, so you are equipped to work with the feminine arts in an initiated way, aware of the lineage and protocols:

Lineage – working at the Ancestral legacy level **Embodiment** – working at the body magic level **Energetics** – working at the quantum energy level **Transformation** – working at the feeling/archetypal level **Initiation** – working at the alchemical and mystical level **Wealth** – working at the financial/generative level **Magic** – working at the co-creative source-power level This magical tradition brings us back into our true regal stature...

There is a very specific feeling to the sacred affinity of the Enchantress:

Here’s my take on it, when it slithers around my soul....

I am feeling consciously old fashioned and archival.

I crave elegance, refinement, pause, seduction, veiling.

I crave a feminine in high heels with high neck lines.

I don't really want to heal, my wounds have become altars.

We live in a world that forces us to be deep in the shallows.

I long for the tailored that hints at magic that lives beneath.

Maybe I am now craving width and breadth rather than depth?

Feminine Magic can be simple, humble, heart-led – our womb-prayers that lace us into the thread of so many women through time, seeking for love, tending homes, dreaming out of window, charming new worlds and lives into being.

Let me share a little story with you, while the kettle boils....

One Imbolc eve, many moons ago, in a small London flat, before the internet was even a ‘thing’ I performed a small ritual. This was before the age of information or the explosion of feminine wisdom. As if memory had poured through my cells, moving my nervous system like puppet strings, I lit a small tea light and placed it on my window ledge. I had heard that Bride would see the flame and pay a visit and grant a wish.

Like so many women before me, in those quiet moments, in the dark intimacy of my bedroom, I was not praying for world peace: I was asking for love, to find a true heart.

In the glow of the candlelight, a gathering of women arose from my bones and blood, and whispered the prayers alongside me. It felt utterly weird, and strangely natural.

I believed. I trusted. When I lit that small, cheap, tea light - I opened the vaults of memory and stood side by side women who had kept the flames of Brigit alive, the bean feasa of my Irish kin, from the shores of Sligo and Galway, and the women of my homelands in Yorkshire who had served the Fire of their Brigantia; the Bright One.

Those prayers were answered. From the magical yarns of many ancestral women. Their womb looms still working their marriage magic in old, lost graveyards.

This kind of magic can also be very *sinister* in all the best ways.

A magic that crawls out only under certain night skies, when the bloom is wilted. When the clouds rush across icy skies with important announcements of transformation. When webs are formed unseen by prying human eyes, and the world exhales.

I remember the opening ceremony of the last Feminine Magic School, where I was calling on Owl and Amanita. But two black-pool eyes stared me down first.

Spider Woman joined us immediately, crawling out from underneath the Fairy Toadstool, to declare herself the rightful Queen of Structural Magic


Weaving, spinning, spiral threads. Feet tapping on strings.

Creating a web, building a structure. Crafting the ultimate feminine architecture.

Drawing, magnetizing, spinning – all the myths and fairytales have encoded her root power. Without the web, the structure, nothing exists.

Spider Lady is deliciously elegant and secretive. Her magic is not loud or bright. She prefers the dark corners of the cosmos to weave out her strange mandalas.

She guided us into the structural grids of the womb and the magnetic root. There was no psychedelic heavenly lights to distract. Just quietness and pure aptitude.

Imagine if when the feminine kundalini energy awakened – it was not a fiery serpent rising on heat, burning upwards, rising to the top of the crown....?

What if it was a dark, elegant spider, housed in the center of the womb, spinning her yarns and thread. Catching each part of the body in her net, slowly, slowly, weaving from her spiral center.

Energy flowing on silver strings, so the body becomes one web-brain of feminine consciousness, tighter, shimmering strength.

What if it were an Enchantress with eight legs, who danced sideways to old, old songs, that were sung as the universe was being woven?

These are the threads we are following with our spider feet....diligently spinning our new diamond webs.

"Be patient, She is weaving and spinning—you cannot even begin to dream of the possibilities She is stitching into being for you." From Womb Awakening.

I remember writing that invocation at the beginning of the book as we finished the first draft. It came out of nowhere, as if a very fine and well-woven thread had just been dangled down into my mind....



Some webs take a long time to weave. This remembrance of the structural feminine is game-changing. Web wisdom returns.

Secret Codes are Speaking Now

The feminine magic teachings have been so hidden away. But magic requires us to be intentional and knowledgeable and aware. We can't just strip the ancient, sacred meaning and magic power from these arts. At various times throughout history this lineage and some of its teachings would appear coded in plain sight. The epoch-shifting industry that is Harry Potter is one such example.

The infamous magic school Hogwarts has actually got lots of secret teachings of the feminine Womb Mysteries laced inside them. It's not a small thing either, it's as if a full-on womb magic treatise is hidden inside there! Did the author, J.K. Rowling, knowingly include it? I'm not sure. It may have been that she was inspired by the secrets of the ancient magicians and alchemists – who were often initiated by female magicians – so that these high secrets were included.

A tinkling bell rang somewhere in the depths of the shop as they stepped inside. It was a tiny place, empty except for a single, spindly chair that Hagrid sat on to wait. Harry felt strangely as though he had entered a very strict library; he swallowed a lot of new questions that had just occurred to him and looked instead at the thousands of narrow boxes piled neatly right up to the ceiling. For some reason, the back of his neck prickled. The very dust and silence in here seemed to tingle with some secret magic.

--*Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* Magic schools were very real, and in fact one of the most famous male magicians (who no doubt was an inspiration for Hogwarts) was famous for supporting folk feminine magicians, and even teaching at a secret feminine magic school attended by queens, ladies, and noble women. We can connect to this lineage for guidance and support.

Although modern magic books are aplenty, most of them are missing an Enchantress archetype, in her true form. This magical archetype is not a seductress or sexy or evil or wicked.

She was known by the adepts as a “Strict Mistress” – a source of magical education, who merged glamour and impeccability.

Can you feel her, dwelling in the recess of you mind....tapping her stylish stiletto on a hidden living book of wisdom, calling to you? It is time to remember.

The Way of the Enchantress

“She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has molded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.”

— **Walter Pater**

An Enchantress is more than a witch or a wise woman, she is a magical artist of feminine practice who can shape reality. Her magic is knitted and woven and cooked. It depends on which direction the moon lands on special herbs in the garden. The way she stirs her soup, makes a difference between a curse and blessing. Her medicinal teas are magical eucharists. Above all else, she follows The Way of the Enchantress. Her words carry magical power to heal, create, dissolve. She knows the secret incantations that were held in the lore passed down from hand to hand, and told tongue to tongue, in the lineages of feminine magic.

In Germany it was said that Feminine Magicians would be called to a home to heal and to speak and sing the secret cants.

Once upon a time, all the women in a household would also know these healing cants and would surround them in a circle and amplify the healing magic. Over time, people stopped teaching their daughters about the Way of

the Enchantress and when the magical women would come round, they would encant alone, as

the others stood silent and dumb, in a cloud of forgetting of their magical power to weave worlds with their words.

What is amazing to me is that these dynasties were found in the highest to the lowest social strata, and they all held the same knowledge and practice of Feminine Magic. From Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots who held court in the highest tiers of society and practiced magic in secret Salons, to penniless wise women who lived in the woods in huts or even tents, they were all practicing the arts of healing herbs and poison plants, vulvic sorcery, magnetic energy enchantment, spell craft and the secret magic teachings of Lady Saturn.

Their ways were often not recorded in books, but they inspired those who wrote books. They were the initiators of the male magicians. One common thread is that they often followed the hidden path of Mary Magdalene and the Alchemical Feminine Saints and Muses. Their path to god was not one of renunciation and masculine mysticism; they followed deep green vines into the fertile soils of feminine magic.

The following excerpt from *Magdalene Mysteries*, describes the heretical home schools of the Cathar magiciennes féminines. The Perfetcae.

Often there were female dynasties of Cathars dedicated to the priestesshood. In a deposition to the Inquisition in 1209, Arnaude de Lamothe, from Montauban, told how she had been taken by her mother as a young girl to a home for female heretics. In the 1190s, one woman revealed that she had been brought up in a notorious heretical village, where her grandmother, mother, and her sister were all perfectae, and that her grandmother had openly held a house of female heretics at Fanjeux.

During the persecution times, when it was often no longer safe to live in villages and towns, the Cathar priestesses often lived hidden deep in nature, in remote forests and woodlands. One scholar says,

“they lived in cabins or huts built in the woods, sometimes staying for a few days, and at other times remaining as long as a year.” In 1234, two female perfectae were captured while living in a tent in a wood. Some died in the woods, some returned back into convents for female heretics.

Female Cathars were often medicine women who not only spiritually ministered to their communities, but who also were custodians of native herbal lore and wisdom. The women were often spinners and weavers, as well as herbalists and healers. One report says, *“some perfectae seem also to have acquired medical knowledge”* citing how one man admitted that he had “consulted a female heretic many times for his illness” and how another female heretic treated the ailments of fellow believers.”

I want you to take a moment now. Close your eyes, and slide your soul into one of those forbidden magical Salons with the magnetic Queens. Or open a creaky cottage door in a damp, cool Bavarian forest and take a cup of tea with a green lady.

What do you see, feel, smell, sense, know?

Somewhere deep inside, you remember. It is time to let this magic rise in you again. It is calling to you. It may not take no for an answer.

How Do We Conjure The

Enchantress?

The Enchantress energy happens when the flowing feminine and the structural feminine come together to make life magic.

Our life becomes elegant and enchanted.

You don't need to be wild, messy, chaotic to be feminine. You can actually enter a magical structure that supports your coherence. And it's more than a feeling or an energy, it's a very real ancestral lineage of magic, whose teachings were forbidden.

Evolution favors the wise, the cunning, the shapeshifters, the charmers, those who are adaptable and magical. Not brute strength or success or perfection. In fact, perfection is weak because it doesn't think it needs to adapt, evolve, learn, weave, shift, charm, cast magical spells.

The Enchantress is our 'Mother of Magic' – she is the mother energy we need to birth our own brilliance, beauty and creativity. The whole realm of feminine magic where our psychobiology is bonded to the universe, and seeking evolution through love and magical union. And wealth, which is also a romance.

Once upon a time, I met an Enchantress in the Woods and learned the secrets of Money Magic....

I remember the moment that turned my life around over 15

years ago, and how I ended up in a beautiful small log cabin deep in the forest of Dorset, with no mobile phone, no computer, no wifi, accompanied by my magical mentor of the magnetic arts of money and enchantment. What happened that week, as we

immersed deep in nature, bathed under the moonlight and stars, created magic crystal grids, and processed my foundational root issues around money and men using magical techniques, not just psychological ones, changed me forever. At that time in my life, I did not cry easily, and I could not keep either money or men. On my last evening, I felt like I had travelled through what can only be described as a feminine magic fae portal, and I sobbed and keened for about 5 hours non-stop. That night I had a dream that changed the course of my life. I could choose the Way of the Enchantress or die. It was framed to me in that stark way.

Over the next month, my life shapeshifted: Within one month I had received my first book deal worth \$50,000, for a book that was optioned for TV and Film. Within two months I had been offered a film column in a major national magazine where I got paid to watch and review films. I also experienced a new level of magic and synchronicity, and heart opening and magnetism in my personal life

And it wasn't all money in the bank and gorgeous men though.

It was also difficult and demanding....

I could no longer be the person I was before, and old relationships and friendships fell away, and it was painful. I could no longer work 'in the matrix' and over a few years my old safety nets of work started to dissolve. I had to embrace a new layer of healing around my feminine energy and womb story and to reclaim my magic. Feminine Magic is like that. Although we'd like to think it's just expansion after expansion good fortune all the way....more money, more love, more healing. The feminine fairytales told the truth and encoded the secret of Feminine Magic....if you want the treasure, you have to pay the price.



Which is why, inside Feminine Magic School we will also work with the transformational journey from the karma of the birth womb that you inherited, and the brilliance of the diamond womb that you are forging in your life, with each act of intentional magic, courage and dreaming.

The good news is, it is SO worth it. You will never regret choosing initiation, individuation, power, destiny, magic. Love that has roots.

When we open to the **Enchantress Codes**, our world realigns to brings us into the frequency of Feminine Magic and an enchanted life. We learn how to build magic and enchantment in our lives, in our body, in our being, in our energy – so we are magnetic and elegant.

Enchantress energy means, the lover calls you back, the work offer comes, the client signs up, the magic of life is attracted to you. But it won't make

you perfect, or good, or right. In fact, it will ask you to deprogram the ‘good girl’ who is afraid to show her unapologetic magic.

There are **three primary realms of enchanting** fostered by Feminine Magic and in my Feminine Magic School we proceed through each one sequentially. These include: Relationship, Grief, and the Diamond Womb (of Death and Rebirth).

Relationship: Finding True Love In my younger days, I sat through more Satsang spiritual word-waffle than you can imagine. Truthfully, my friends and I were often more interested in romancing the guys we had met than our inner Atman or eternal non-self. We were only 24 after all. It wasn't that I wasn't passionate about the mystical, but that the ultra-masculine disembodied way didn't speak to me. But back then, it was all that was available to me.

I really wish I would have had a Feminine Magic Elder back then to guide me, and to allow me to connect with my deep feminine soul. I was devoted to the Divine Mother, and surrounded myself with her prayers, rituals, images. But all the teachers were mostly men.

In the end, it was Mary Magdalene who whispered in my ear.

The feeling I had when I had connected with her lineage, was a homecoming. Above all else she modeled the Feminine Magic of relationship. I could feel her relationship to her beloved, to her child, her mom-in-love Mary, to the men who had not treated her well (and the men who were still trying to put her down), and her relationship to her body, to nature, to the feminine traditions that embraced, wealth, beauty, glamour, as a way of feminine art. Hers was the God who lay in bed with you as you bled, who wept and mourned with you, who could find heaven inside the body.

I later wrote in *Magdalene Mysteries....*

In this magic world of MM, her true Gospel is written on soft skin and in the stars. Her parables are shared by lover's eyes, and in the in-between

spaces of silence. Her true gospel breaths down the back of my neck, hot, subtle, mysterious, and laughing.

I find her sat by the fire in the desert, laughing, her body warm against that of her lover, as they melt into the mystery of the Two flesh becoming One.

Feminine Magic is always about relationships. And as we know, relationship can be ecstatic or very painful. I think all the best love affairs have a “Cozy Glamour” quality—beautiful, mythic, transformative, but also warm, funny, down to earth. It's relationships that weave the worlds together, from our most silly human details, all the way, into the cosmic womb.

The Gift of Grieving

The Feminine Art of Grief is the lake of magic that softens the structural feminine into the deep heart. If we don't grieve our structures become rigid, our fires rage out of control, our sacred waters become deserts. Our feminine spirit wilts. Grief is the Goddess who lives inside all experience. This is why we have sacred wells inside our eyes to cry.

There is a Time for Grief:

Under our anger....is our grief.

Under our confusion....is our grief.

Under our numbness...is our grief.

Under our judgment...is our grief.

Under our loneliness...is our grief.

Under our fear...is our grief.

Feminine Magic is a Path of Grief

Everything we love, we must also grieve.

Everything we desire, will cost us grief.

The womb is a portal of life and love,

The womb is also a gate of loss and death.

Feminine Magic is the Way of Life

This is why the feminine is so feared.

She teaches us the true ways of Gaia.

She does not give us escape routes.

Instead, she gives us deep roots.

Because when we work with our birth womb karma, and our emerging magic, and when we begin to dream in a new reality, and meet the old, we must grieve.

We must meet grief.

But we are meeting grief dressed in robes you may have never seen her wear before.

The Grande Dame Grief.

Older than death she is, older than the oldest mountains, she was inside the tears that poured into the original dark oceans from the first thought of God, as she was menstruating an old universe she loved, and bringing ours into being.

Her magical cape is brushed with stars, her glamour is galactic in origin, and she has keened over billions of years. Her tears form spiral arms that measure the cycles of the multiverse she is Kal, she is Time, she is Memory, She is the one who placed worlds in quantum graves, and fertilized bursting stars with memories, and she is the one who remembers. She carries grief in black-baskets, she sobbed the life into the oceans of earth, and sang keens into our sacred springs.

You will know her when you meet her. You will remember her, and her grief will be the medicine you have wept for. And the strangest thing happens...when you hear her sing, and feel her black cape upon you...the light crests on the heart horizon, and the songbirds start their serenade again, praising this great mystical love magic of Old Lady Grief.

We have to meet our grief to birth our magic. It is time to grieve AND reclaim your magical power, all together.

Mary Magdalene - Enchantresses of Grief Magic.

When the Enchantress Arts got lost, and the feminine magic schools abandoned, many souls got lost on the way. The paths forgotten. We need to tend spaces so we can meet our grief. Not the 'grief' that society allows us to have, but something vaster, more mystical. A grief that actually restructures our psyche and is the substance of the Underworld. You will never 'recover' from grief. Grief initiates you. Grief is a feminine dimension of being inside the heart of the world.

As we become Elders, we learn to live inside grief, to mourn and praise life, right down into every nook and cranny. It is the secret wisdom of Sophia. It is the heart dissolved back into primordial soup, so new life emerges.

It is about the mystical portal we call grief which does not have to relate to a physical or literal death. Like the Tarot card 'Death' –

we are letting go of something in order to enter into a new dimension of experience. It is death and rebirth; it is a portal our soul travels through on a journey of renewal. We allow old worlds and versions of ourselves to die.

Grief is above all else a mystical dimension of feminine magic, and its powers unveil when beauty, ravishing love, eros and devastation, loss, melancholy, meet to kiss and refertilize us. This portal belongs to the mysteries of cosmic or magical menstruation. A woman's womb cycle teaches us about a much deeper spiritual journey. Like the Moon, we have the ability to experience light and dark. We need to honor these cycles, and their gifts, not try and be 'always light'. We must acknowledge we have a dark phase, to shed our skins.

We are all menstruating aspects of our life all the time. Grief is the dimension of being that allows us to truly let go and rebirth. We can grieve for many things, including loss, but even joy and success:

We can enter grief when our body changes, through aging, illness, pregnancy and birth, we can even enter grief when our body heals

We can enter grief when we are letting go of jobs, homes, people, friendships, through loss or change, or even a personal

‘upgrade’

We can enter grief when the world changes beyond our control We can enter grief when we evolve and find success or birth new aspects of ourselves, and need to let go of old stories and patterns

We can enter grief when we lose a person or animal we love We can enter grief when we move homes, locations or countries We can enter grief when we let go of old beliefs and lose our

‘old self’

We can grieve our relationships to money, to power, to our destiny still waiting

We can grieve with our Ancestors for all the loss inside our lineage

One of the deepest griefs we hold is that we had to hide or deny our feminine magic.

Paradoxically, when we really surrender ourselves to the realm of Grief Magic, we create a greater flow of abundance, connection, and love in our lives. I know personally that after each huge ‘Grief Portal’ initiation, in the aftermath I have called in new relationships, and more love and support for what I want to create.



I know you are grieving something today, and I am too. Each day holds small moments of grief that we can make space for and honor, and this gift will enrich our lives, and pour water onto the places in our hearts that have hardened soil. The more magical we become, the more we feel, and the more we need to “mistress” the art of Enchanting Grief.

This is the Era of the Enchantress – where we get to enjoy our evolution, make magic with it, and walk with glamour, style and beauty in ways defined by our soul, our body, our intuition.

The Diamond Womb is Awakening

We start our Feminine Magic School journey in the Womb Realm or the Womb World as it was known in Tibetan Buddhist magical tradition, which was shared from the secret lineages of Khandros and Dakinis. The Womb Realm is the karma of the birth womb we entered this world in. We end our journey in the Diamond Womb or Diamond World as it was called in Tibetan Buddhist magical practice. The Diamond Womb is the crucible of death and rebirth.

It is where our birth karma goes to die, and where our magic resurrects. It is womb enlightenment.

In the Diamond Womb we forge our most brilliant, gifted, individuated self; faceted with beauty, truth, clarity, integrity,

shining, precision. Done right, the Diamond Womb – your

‘crystalline’ self - is the death of the old you. It requires a vast amount of grief, love, and longing. In ancient Buddhist lineages, the Womb Realm and Diamond Realm together were known as the Mandala of the Two Realms. When a person completes the journey between the two womb worlds, they become a Female Buddha.

Their template is rebirthed.

I can't promise you Buddahood, but I can promise you a magical education that you will not hear anywhere else in the world. In our tradition this is the work of the Magdalene Womb or the Shining, Spinning, Silver Tower of Arianhrod – where magicians are forged.

In fairytale tradition, where I lay my lineage hat, this energy is represented by the forbidden archetype of the "Snow Queen" - the womb of winter white. The shining energy of geometry, pattern, diamond light, sparkle. It is birthed in the deepest darkness, inside the "Saturnalian" earth womb. The Glamour of Shadow. The map-keeper of time, cycles, seasons, spirals, and the great weaving of life and death.

All of the ancient traditions knew this secret, and transforming the template of the Womb Grid was the ultimate act of feminine magic.

It is something beyond healing, or trauma resolution, or feminine empowerment. It is true alchemy and deep magic. It is not for novices.

Deeper into the Diamond Womb

When Lady Saturn returns it is a restructuring of Self, diamond magic is claiming our magnetism, adulting, rooting and finally crafting the Diamond Womb of destiny, where our Enchantress Self emerges with the embodied power to communicate a new world in thought, word and deed.

This strict and sexy frequency also spotlights sensuality, wealth, leadership shaping your life into a space of beauty and elegant energy, devoted to your highest destiny as a visionary.

Working with womb magic in this way elevates us through the descending, healing, mothering, creative space, to the alchemical enchantress space. We switch from the maternal to the magician.

The Diamond Womb brings us into the frequency of the “Swan Priestesses” – the Soul Doulas, the womb that generates death/rebirth, new ideas, books, epochs, not physical babies.

It is time to expand from the womb/heart to the root/throat. This is how we manifest, and become magnetic and enchanting....

Twenty years ago, I was in the midst of a massive womb and heart awakening. I was breaking out of all the cages the culture places us in. I was letting my energy, my feelings, my sexuality, my love, my power, my truth flow out again. I was like the Goddess Pele in her eruption phase! I studied with masculine masters and it didn't meet my needs – not even close. What they were talking about was interesting, at times profound and life-changing, but it wasn't feminine awakening, and it didn't speak to my magic.

I spent my time in the Himalayas with Sadhu's who had true magical powers (I witnessed it, real time). I attended the ceremonies, performed the rituals, I learned about the Womb of the Divine Mother that they worshipped and called upon for their magical powers. But not one guru told me about my own cyclical nature, or could midwife the grief in my heart, or speak to me of domestic witchery or alchemical relationships.

And no one talked about money, friendship, sexuality, making a home, having children, living inside a cyclical feminine body and

emotions. No one could describe this deep, intuitive, overwhelming love I had for Mother earth, for the plants and creatures, who I could feel and hear.

I had deep gratitude for those magical men and what they shared with me, so generously. But I couldn't help but ask, where are the magical women? Where are the Enchantresses of my fairytales?

Where are the wise witches who speak the language of forest, womb and wolf?

One day, in an ashram, I had a vision of playing harp – I had never even seen a harp, let alone knew real people could play them. But this vision seized my heart, and meanwhile, around me, I was meeting people talking about Glastonbury, the Mists of Avalon, the magical druidesses. Feminine Magic was calling me back home....

Now, twenty years later, on the cusp of my Enchantress years, I am here to say....there is more. We need to go beyond just breaking free, we need to begin to build a new world. We need to be truly initiated into our Feminine Magic, the Enchantress Arts, to manifest our destiny.

What I teach is deeply lived, and something I am continually apprenticed to. I have not completed the journey, like you, I am putting one foot in front of the other, often with baited breath and my fur standing on end. But I am all in. I invite you to join me there, and to walk together.

I want to share the story of a dream I had in September 2017 in a very special place to me, Big Island in Hawaii. It was just before a big retreat I was holding, and that night before I went to sleep I asked the Ancestors of the Land to visit me.



Instead, the Khandros and Dakini's of Tibet visited me. I was holding a red ruby, when the Khandro stepped forward and said she had a gift for me from "Tara" (which means Star or Star Womb), who showed me a map of the universe filled with sparkling diamonds at every node point.

The Diamond Womb was calling. And to be honest I was afraid, I felt much more cosy in the red magic of the ruby and the 'wild feminine'. But in the lead up to Feminine Magic School I knew that the energy of the Diamond would be with us. It is time to elevate our magic from its raw form to a vast elegant beauty. We are about to become truly refined.

What does this mean for you?

Firstly, this initiation into Feminine Magic is not for beginners. You absolutely need to liberate and flow that energy first. This is for those who are asking, but what's next?

In Feminine Magic School, we are weaving the heart-womb energy and then expanding it out and down to the throat and root centers.

When we expand from heart/womb to throat/root, we don't just feel our creative power, our love, our desire – we can actually build with it, we can actually speak it into being. Our root becomes magnetic and our throat become enchanting, it channels our womb magic into the world.

It is time to step out, to allow the world to see your magic, come what may. The world needs you to speak the words of enchantment again.

Ultimately, we are moving from Maiden/Mother to Enchantress/Magician in the realms of archetypal magic. This can apply to women of any age. We

can get stuck in maiden/mother until the day we die. And most women do, and have done for eons.

Most women do not enter the Way of the Enchantress in their lifetime, they are not allowed to be more. They are barred from their magic.

Of course, we have masculine wizards and magicians, there are stories full of them. But when women hit the Enchantress frequency of Feminine Magic, the culture goes blank or depicts this energy as the demeaned 'magician's assistant' or the evil queen or sorceress or femme fatale. Which is why there are so few Enchantresses to initiate the next generation of women into their elegant, embodied, power.

Guess what? After the volcano erupts, it makes new land, the fire and heat crystalizes into strong elegant structure that grows new magic.

It is time to become a Mother of Magic...

I am a mother, but my daughter made it abundantly clear to me even before she incarnated that what she needs is an "Enchantress Magician" as a mother, not the type of motherly love we see depicted in our culture.

Indeed, she initiated me for many years to be ready to receive her.

She is evolving me in places I might not have moved to, in order to fulfill this. Our children need our elegant, enchantress power.

The magician is the higher octave of the mother.

The enchantress is the higher octave of the maiden.

In fact, our Saturn's Return is said to be our second 'coming of age', a second puberty, and perimenopause also holds those associations.

Learning how to open your heart and to let go of your boundaries, allows you to hold your ground and speak your magic. When we have to 'have boundaries' it means we are not rooted or enchanted or fully inhabiting the full power of our magic yet.

Feminine power is a territory not a boundary or line.

Magnetism is effortless in a certain way, it does not need your will, it is filled with grace, connection, playful energy. Enchantment is glamorous, it speaks the Gramarye of life, the magic spells that Gaia-Sophia holds inside her body. It is a diamond of magnificent proportions.

Inner Portals of Feminine Magic

There is a missing piece in the spiritual puzzle that you need to claim. Your feminine magic demands it. Our life is not one straight line, it is an evolutionary spiral that follows very structural cycles.

Each cycle is a quantum jump. The structure of these cycles brings us massive gifts if we know how to understand and land them in our body and life.

- The first portal happens, of course, at birth.

- The second portal happens at 7 years old.

- The third portal happens at 13 years old.

These portals build and build, until the big one emerges into your life – often with quite a bang.

Age 28 you are dramatically ushered from Maidenhood to your Womanhood. This process began when you were 13 and entered into puberty and went through menarche, and your womb began to bleed with a magic so powerful the whole world is still in denial of its power.

This portal at 28 does not end when you turn 29. In fact, it lives on inside us creating all the circumstances of our lives, trying to show us where we need to develop our feminine power, brimming with dazzling clues about our true destiny and essence, and the magic we need to master. Moonapause is its culmination.

But our modern world does not tell you this, in fact it does everything to disguise or hide it. In past times, our ruling paradigm did everything it could to destroy the Gramarye's of entire dynasties of feminine magicians, who had recorded this wisdom to pass to their daughters.

An entire legacy of knowledge was lost, which had been woven into being since the first prehistoric womb shamans created magic wands to work with their womb cycles and to harness time magic for their creative powers, vision and wisdom. Thousands of years of magic dissolved. The Feminine Magic Schools closed their doors to the public, and became gated into secret family lineages of hidden feminine magical traditions.

Young girls no longer knew about the magic that lived inside them,

and grew in cycles – not just with the Moon, but with an even more powerful teacher. They no longer received the wisdom of how to walk, on cosmic stepping stones of initiation, into their full womanhood and power.

They no longer studied the magical arts with the Grande Dame of Womb Magic, Lady Saturn, or understood the immense power of the structural feminine, who Shakespeare called the Dark Lady.

This feminine is cool, yin, structured, elegant, powerful and utterly foundational. It is what underpins all our manifestations - or lack of.

They no longer knew how to step through the immense initiation of Lady Saturn's Return, age 28, when the Dark Lady returns to teach us.

They no longer knew that at age 28, Lady Saturn gifts a map that lasts a lifetime to forge a girl into a woman of vast, indescribable womb power. Now the door is opening again. Feminine Magic School is returning. Lady Saturn is here to teach you how to embody the womb grids of magic.

I believe the entire world is going through a collective Saturn's Return right now. You will need knowledge of this magic to navigate these times. Are you ready to meet her?

Saturn's Return is known as a 'second puberty' – when all those issues of power dynamics come up again for cleaning and proper installation. There is a time to be a child, and to be in that incredible energy. And there is a time to adult. To claim your individuated power. Do you know the wonders adulthood will bring to your life?

The Dark Lady is wise, wickedly funny, sharp, irreverent, mostly

‘unspiritual’ and full of a love you did not even know existed, much less needed. This energy guides you into your strength and abundance. She’s waiting in the shadows for you...

Let's wander the paths of a short fairytale....

I was walking through the woods, behind our house – dusk was settling with an unusual and ominous glamor. One of those mists rose from around the fairy rings of the tree, with a shudder, I instinctively looked behind me...

That was when I saw her. Silently silhouetted against the falling night and the tall wizard-like limbs of the trees. She was standing in the middle of the path behind me, where I had come from.

I couldn't see her face in the fading light, but I could make out her outline in the darkness. Crazy, but I could swear she had bat wings, and indeed above her a solitary bat circled in the sapphire blue stained skies. She called out to me – her voice was like bells and flutes, with a deeper resonant tone that I couldn't place.

Everything vibrated.

I hesitated, frozen in a softly spoken horror that I could not place.

It was an earth-bound magic that was so ancient it scared me.

“You forgot this!” She called out to me. Her voice was woven with enchantments...and slowly my feet followed, as my mind recoiled.

Cautiously I walked back towards her, and looked down to what she was pointing to – a small dark crystal box on the forest floor.

As if spell cast, I bent down to pick it up. Slowly, I opened the lid and gazed down into the newly opened chamber.

I gazed into the luminous black liquid, and then turned my face towards her. The moon illuminated her face for a split second.

Then I saw it. Her eyes. Black, swirling, made of galaxies and time and memory. Pupils forged from old black holes. Her dress was made from the deepest black volcanic lava where fire is spent into the mystery of stillness and structure.

“You forgot your power” she said to me, staring into me with those eyes. “It’s time to remember your feminine magic”.

I grabbed the crystal box and ran away as fast as I could out onto the open grass, terrified by this lady of the night. As I got near the house, I stumbled and threw myself down to the wet ground, as the liquid poured out into the earth.

She shouted out to me, her voice rising from the treetops, “don’t forget me, I am Lady Saturn, your teacher of power.”

The cadence of her voice echoed through the hollow, following me as I returned to the safety of the brightly lit house.”

Words are magic, they create dangerous spaces and open doors you might not be able to close again. Proceed at your own risk. The witch in the woods is cackling for a reason. Words can end worlds, and weave new worlds into being. Listen to the birds. Your power is calling.



"Throughout the ages, feminine magicians have wanted to go further and individuate into a collaborative adult relationship with that energy that you might call God or source."

Your journey is divinatory – it is time to read the signs.